

## PORT'S CORNER.

### WHAT IS PLEASURE?

What are riches, glory, pride,  
Laurel-wreath, or jeweled crown,  
When upon life's troubled tide,  
Weary, wayward man goes down—  
What are mankind's dearest pleasures,  
But the fiftful meteor's gleam?  
What his grandeur?—what his treasures?  
Moonlight on a mountain stream.

Soon we quit life's busy path,  
For the silence of the grave,  
Soon the banner of death  
O'er the proudest head shall wave,  
Soon the dweller in the hall  
And the child of peasant birth  
Like the forest leaves shall fall  
Mingling with their mother earth.

Prince and peasant, priest and king—  
Like the little flowers that blush  
On the bosom of the spring,  
Time's unsparring foot shall crush.  
What! O what is pleasure then?  
Can it hush our woes to sleep?  
Can it still the throbbing pain?  
Rankling in the bosom deep?

When the brightest cloud that swims,  
Vision-like, across the sky,  
Stays the summer's burning beams,  
As it floats unheeded by—  
Then shall glittering gems of earth  
Bid our sorrows cease to flow—  
To the joyous laugh of mirth,  
Change the thrilling pang of woe.

## SUNDAY READING.

### THE PIRATE.

Eighteen years ago, the ship I commanded was dancing over the waves, on a mission of mercy. Laden by generous contributions of a New England city, she was bound to the Cape de Verdes with bread for the famine-stricken and dying. Brighter skies never gladdened the sailor's heart than those which were bent over us; pleasant gales never filled the sails of the sea-journeyer, than those which sped us to the haven where we should be; and now may God have the ship in his holy keeping, the prayer which concluded the old English bill of lading, was heard and granted, we felt, as we trod on the deck of the stout craft, whose error was to succor the destitute.

We were all in high spirits, forward in the fore-cabin, and aft in the cabin. Sailors who are often so hungry, liable at any moment to be put upon short allowance, and compelled at times to fast entirely, know better than the landmen how to pity those whom famine threatens. Jack has ready sympathy for the man who has no biscuit in his locker.

It was now the fourteenth day out—just in the first gray of the morning—that the mate aroused me with the startling intelligence that a suspicious vessel was in sight. With the first ray of light the vigilant officer had descried her, and she was so near as to be made out with a glass. I was on deck in an instant.

The first glance at the strange ship almost dispelled the fear that the mate's alarm had occasioned.

"Why, Mr. Larkin," I said, laughing as I spoke, "there's nothing suspicious in that lubberly-looking craft—She's a Portuguese brigantine—she can't sail."

"She looks like that build," said the mate, "but she is built for sailing, and she'll spread canvas in a wind like this, that'll send her skimming like a gull over the sea. And look now at the men on her deck."

One glance through the telescope was enough to satisfy me that the mate was right. The vessel was sharp-built, of light draught, and rigged like a brigantine. Her masts raked very slightly; besides the canvas usual to such a rig, she was fitted to carry a luggersail, which when spread before the wind would add to her speed. In addition she was pierced for 22 swabs. Her decks were crowded with men.

"It's no honest craft, Mr. Larkin," I said; "but she may not be a pirate for all that. One need not be surprised to fall in with a slaver hereabouts."

"She's no slaver, captain," "Why do you think so?" "Because there are guns on her deck instead of water-casks."

"I did not say she had a cargo of slaves in," I replied.

"Then why does she carry so many guns on her deck? If without a cargo, her guns should be below; if with one, there should be more guns on deck. If that ain't a pirate, never believe me again."

As if to put an end to our speculations and clear up the mystery, the suspicious craft began to spread more canvas, and as she gathered away with the freshening breeze, they ran up to her foremast a flag, which when it reached the truck unshook its folds to the wind. On a white ground we saw the terrible insignia, of the freebooter, the death's-head and cross-bones, painted in diabolical black.

"I thought so," said Mr. Larkin, quietly, "and the ship has no guns."

"What arms have you Mr. Larkin?" I asked.

"An old horse-pistol, with the lock out of order."

"And I have only an old fowling-piece and a pair of pistols. I fear these fellows will make their own terms with us."

was about to jump into her, to pay my respects in person to the villain, when Mr. Larkin asked leave to go. "If they want the captain," said he, "let them send for him. I'll see if the mate won't answer as well."

He had scarcely put his foot on the deck of the pirate, when he again appeared on the rail, and descended to the boat, which began to pull back. Almost at the same instant a launch was swung over the rail, into which twenty savage-looking rascals, armed to the teeth, sprang and pulled towards us. Ten minutes afterwards they were on board my vessel, and began clearing away the main hatch.

The leader, a swarthy fellow, whose square, compact frame indicated strength, and whose eyes, black and hazy, and half-concealed by the lids, expressed cruelty and cunning, approached the cabin-hatch, where I stood, and addressed me in tolerable English.

"Are you the captain of this vessel?" "Yes," I replied.

"What's your cargo?" "Flour."

"Where from?" "Boston."

"Where to?" "Cape de Verdes."

"Why, they are all starving there," he said, opening his eyes and looking full at me.

"Yes; and the flour in my vessel was freely given by good Christians to feed those starving people."

The rascal continued his deliberate gaze a moment, then turned towards his men, and in a rough, commanding tone, spoke a few words in Spanish, which I could not make out. The men looked up in astonishment, and then withdrew to the side, where they stood gazing cautiously towards their captain, for such was my interrogator. He thrust his hands behind him, and walked quickly to and fro for five minutes; then, turning to me, he said sharply—

"You Americans are all heretics—why should you send flour to feed starving Catholics?"

"Because they are our fellow men, and their Saviour is our Saviour," I answered, astonished at the conduct of the man.

"If you lie to me," he cried, with startling fierceness, "if you lie to me, I'll nail you down to your own deck!"

"I'll prove it to you by my papers," I answered.

"I don't want to see your papers," he returned; "swear by the Saviour, whose name you have just pronounced."

As he spoke he crossed himself devoutly.

"I swear by the Holy Trinity," I replied, solemnly.

The pirate lifted his cap, and bent his head devoutly, when I mentioned the Trinity. He stood still, with head bent over, while one might moderately have counted fifty. When he raised himself up it seemed to me there was less ferocity in his countenance. His eyes were no longer half-closed, but open and clear in their depths. I looked steadily at him.

"Captain," said he, courteously, "can you supply me with two or three casks of water?"

I gave the order, and the water was lowered into the boat. A word from him sent his cut-throats over the side, but he lingered behind, and after a moment's hesitation, as though he half-repented of his resolution, and was almost ashamed of what he was doing, he approached me with his hand extended.

"God bless you," he exclaimed, as he felt my grasp, "and send you where the starving are praying for bread."

The next moment he was gone. It is very probable that the piratical rascal was afterwards hung, as no doubt he deserved to be. But however terrible his fate, I am sure that from his heart, seared and callous by crime, and self-desecrated, there burst forth a little warm glimmer of light which mitigated somewhat the desolation, and relieved, though it could not entirely dispel, the gloom of his dying hour.

## HUMOROUS.

**CLERGY AND JOCKEY.** A clergyman who was in the habit of preaching in different parts of the country, was not long since at an inn, where he observed a horse jockey trying to take in a simple gentleman, by imposing upon him a broken-winded horse for a sound one. The person knew the bad character of the jockey, and taking the gentleman aside, told him to be cautious of the person he was dealing with. The gentleman finally declined the purchase, and the jockey, quite nettled, observed: "Parson, I had much rather hear you preach than see you privately interfere in a bargain between man and man, in this way."

"Well," replied the parson, "if you had been where you ought to have been last Sunday, you might have heard me preach."

"Where was that?" inquired the jockey. "In the State Prison," returned the clergyman.

**A HIGH CHURCHMAN'S WIT.** A young man said recently, in a rather pert way, to the Rev. Dr. C.—"Doctor, what is the difference between this piousness they talk so much about, and puppyism?" "Puppyism," replied the Doctor, "is founded on dogmatism; and Piousness on the catechism."

**GETTING INSURED.** The Troy Post relates a "good one" of Jacob Barker, the Quaker, who hearing of the loss of one of his vessels which he had omitted to get insured, wrote to a broker with whom he had spoken on the subject, as follows:—

"DEAR FRIEND:—If there has not failed up the policy which I bespoke on Saturday, there need not, as I have heard from the vessel."

The broker in fact had not filled up the policy, but presuming from the tenor of Jacob's note that his vessel was safe, and tempted by what seemed a good chance to clutch his percentage without risk, he filled it up forthwith and sent it to Jacob with the assurance that it had been made all ready for him on Saturday.

On Monday morning the first thing that met

his eyes on opening his newspaper, was the loss of Jacob's vessel, which he had so wickedly insured on Sunday. Then also he discovered the cunning ambiguity of Jacob's note—"he had heard from the vessel!"

A Dutchman on being called upon to help to pay for a lightning rod for the village church, toward the building of which he had liberally subscribed, exclaimed:—"I have helped to build a house for de Lord, and if he chooses to dander on it and knock it down, he must do it at his own risk."

The following advertisement appears in the Albany Express:—

"Wanted—An able-bodied man to hold my wife's tongue! she and I being unable to keep it still."

**BAD NEWS.** Friend Jones prepares yourself to hear bad news. "My gracious—speak what is it?" "Your wife is dead!"—Oh, dear, how you frightened me, I thought my house was burnt down."

A Lawyer the other day went into one of our barber-shops to procure a wig. In taking the dimensions of the lawyer's head, the boy exclaimed, "Why! how long your head is, sir."

"Yes," replied our worthy friend, "we lawyers must have long heads." The boy proceeded in his vocation, but at length exclaimed, "Lord, sir, your head is as thick as it is long." Blackstone mistaked.

**Magistrate.**—What has brought you here, sir? **Prisoner.**—Two Policemen, please your honor. **Magistrate.**—Then I suppose liquor had nothing to do with it?

**Prisoner.**—Yes, sir, they were both drunk.

**W(B)INE AND WATER.** One very rainy evening when Lamb and a friend of his were enjoying their "potation of spirit and water" over a Beaumont and Fletcher in folio—his sister begged Lamb to go and quiet their dog which in his kennel at the back door was making a dreadful howling. The old wit turned round to her and said, "Pray, my dear Mary, do let the poor beast outside do as we are doing inside, enjoy his 'wine and water.'"

A Dutchman once wanted to wed a widow, and his manner of making known his feelings was as follows:—

"If you ish content to get a petter for a vorse, to be happy for a miserable, and if you amuse, and drinks ale, I shall take you for no petter and much vorse." Upon which the lady said, "Yaw!"

## AGRICULTURAL.

From the Southern Christian Advocate.

### A NEW AND VALUABLE CLOVER FOR THE SOUTH.

During the past spring I was much interested in examining a new species of Clover, which is raised by two gentlemen in the vicinity of Falkland, Ala.—This clover when growing, before blossoming, resembles the red clover in some respects, but in others it is entirely different. The blossom is yellow, and the seed resembles a bean in shape, though it is but little larger than the seed of the red clover, and is contained in a very singular burr, which is about the size of a large pea. Again, this grass, roots and all, dies annually; yet the same piece of land need never be sown but once, as the seed is produced in very great abundance, and comes up very freely and surely every autumn. Again, it is entirely a Fall and Winter grass.—It commences growing in October, and grows on finely through the whole winter, affording the finest pasturage, and continues to grow well, if pastured, until the 1st of May; about this time the seed begins to ripen, and the grass gradually dies, and leaves the ground thickly covered with the dead branches and seed. When the cool Fall rains and dews return, it then re-appears, and grows as before stated.

I have said it yields an abundant crop of seed; indeed, the quantity of seed is so great, that this is a striking and very important peculiarity. From my own observations, and from what one of the gentlemen above alluded to has told me, I am well satisfied that it will yield, on good land, at least 50 bushels, probably 100 bushels of seed in the burr per acre, and this will be amply sufficient to sow 15 or 20 acres thickly. This will render the clover exceedingly valuable to every Southern planter. From a lot of 5 acres of good clover, he will raise seed enough to sow 100 acres of cotton land, and thus secure a rich sward of grass to cover the land during the winter, and protect it from washing rains, and afford him the best pasture in the world. This is not mere fancy, for its growth on fair land is as luxuriant as I ever saw of the red clover, on the finest lands in Virginia or Kentucky. I carefully examined a lot of this clover, which was closely grazed to the 1st of March last, and about the 1st of May a great many of its branches were four feet long. I have often admired the luxuriant pastures and meadows on the rich valley of Ohio, but I think I never saw a better crop of grass in all my life than that was.

Any person who may be desirous of getting further information about this grass, can obtain it by writing to Dr. H. L. Kennon, or Mr. J. C. Snedecor, Falkland, Ala. The letters should be post-paid, as this is without their knowledge.

My apology for troubling you with this communication (if one is needed) is this. I was brought up in agricultural pursuits, in the rich and beautiful valley of the Ohio, where the fertility of their lands is easily increased an hundred fold, by a judicious system of grassing, and ever since I became a citizen of the South I have regretted to see her richest lands rapidly wasting away without the hope of future improvements; and I desire, as a sincere lover of my adopted home, to call the attention of planters to the above named grass, because I firmly believe it can be made incalculably valuable to the whole planting interest of the South.

Falkland, Ala., July 12, 1850.

N.

L. B. WALKER.

Raleigh, Sept. 13, 1850.

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## ADVERTISEMENTS.

### The National Temperance Offering.

AND Sons and Daughters of Temperance Gift.

EDITED BY S. F. CARY, Most Worthy Patriarch of the Sons of Temperance of North America.

PUBLISHED JULY 1850.

It is an Octavo volume of 320 pages, illustrated with splendid engravings from original designs, by the celebrated artist, T. H. MATTESSON, Esq.; also, Portraits of some of the leading Temperance men of the country. The illustrations are engraved in the finest Mezzotint, by Messrs. J. Sartain, H. S. Sadd, and Thos. Duney. The Portraits are taken from Daguerreotypes, and are faithful likenesses. The following is a list of the illustrations:—

Portraits of S. F. Cary, M. W. P.; Daniel H. Sanders, M. W. P.; Philip S. White, M. W. P.; Fred. A. Fickhardt, M. W. S., John W. Oliver, P. G. W. P., Hon. E. Dillabundy, G. W. P., of Tennessee, Rev. Thos. P. Hunt, Lynn Beecher, D. D., The Rest, the Bottle, the Drunkard's Home, the Temperance Home, the Widow and her Son—by T. H. Matteson, Esq. A Biographical Sketch accompanies each Portrait.

The following list of contributors to the Offering, will sufficiently attest its character. The articles are original, written expressly for this work:—

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Parties furnished with every thing nice on the best terms. Give me a fair trial, and then if I do not give satisfaction every way, there will be no charge made.

L. B. WALKER. Raleigh, Sept. 13, 1850. 3-4f.

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Mr. Kuhn has recently disposed of several Pianos, in the City and the western portion of the State, all of which give decided satisfaction.

Having dealt some time in Pianos, those who leave choice of Instrument to me, may rely on getting a good article.

Arrival of Pianos duly announced. W. WHITAKER. 45.

July 1, 1850.

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1850.

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Unexceptionable references given, if required. HENRY G. BRUCE. Raleigh, April 17, 1850. 34—

### BOOT AND SHOE MAKING.

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BOOT AND SHOE MAKING, in all its various branches, in a style unsurpassed by any workman in this section of country. The materials with which his work is put up shall be of the very best, his fit shall be satisfactory, and first rate and his charges moderate. In a word, no pains will be spared to please all who may favor him with their custom.

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